

## Feels Just Like a Dream

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## Feels Just Like a Dream

by [waveyjelly](#)

### Summary

George can't figure out his own intentions when he realizes how badly he wants to touch, until he does.

OR

George is touch-starved and in love with his best friend.

### Notes

HII :D

Touch-Starved GNF fic >:))

This took forever omfg

check me out on twitter for updates or to say hi :DD @waveyjellies

kudos and especially comments mean the fucking world

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“George?” The soft voice rendered within his mind, jolting him awake as his body lit up in goosebumps from the sudden sweeping chill over his arms.

“Huh?” he slurred, the resounding laugh *finally* persuading him to blink open his eyes. The blankets over his body felt stifling and heavy, the darkness of the room disorienting. It was when he registered the man at the foot of the bed that he fumbled to throw the blankets off. His body shot up involuntarily, chest tightening and eyes blowing wide. “Wha-”

“Geor-,” the strained word was cut off by a wheeze, the familiarity of it bringing a tidal wave of memories along with it.

“Oh my god, Dream. You scared me,” he shook his head, grinning. He calmly pushed the blankets off his chest with a relieved exhale. He still had yet to get accustomed to the lingering humidity in Florida’s air, as well as the two other men he was now living with.

“Sorry, sorry,” Dream smiled as his laughter ceased. He didn’t sound apologetic in the slightest. “Just came to check in on you and stuff, you’ve been asleep for a bit.”

“Already bored without me? I haven’t even been here a full day.”

“You’re an idiot.” George wished the room was just a bit brighter. He wanted to see the way Dream’s smile stretched into a toothy grin, his messy hair, his eyes. But only because he wanted to get used to the blonde’s face. “Um, is there anything you need? You can go shower, or go back to sleep, or I can turn down the temperature-”

“Dream,” he chuckled, tossing the blanket that was bunched up around his feet. “I’m fine, really. I’m up now.” He slid off the bed, swaying on his feet for a few moments before walking up to the other. “That’s your fault, by the way.”

“Is it?” Dream raised his eyebrows, his face much clearer with the increased proximity. His hair was a sandy-blond, falling in locks over his forehead. Maybe it appeared darker to him than it truly was. The color of his eyes was dull-yellowish, and George wished he could see their true

brightness. “George? Too busy staring at me to answer?”

“Yes, as a matter of fact.” He watched in amusement as Dream’s cheeks flushed, a sight that made his stomach twist. It had been so long, *too long* he’d gone without seeing his best friend’s face. He was but a mere few feet away now, close enough to brush his fingers with the other.

George would be lying if he said he’d never dreamt about touching the blonde.

“Didn’t expect you to answer truthfully,” Dream teased.

“Don’t act like you weren’t staring the whole time at the airport, dumbass.”

“I was deriving amusement from your disheveled stature,” the taller said with a *horrid* replication of a British accent. George wrinkled his nose, debating giving the other a light shove before the moment passed, opportunity lost.

“Well, you’ve convinced me to go take a shower.”

“Do you need help with the water or anything?” George could feel a warmth rushing into his ears at the sudden change of demeanor; his eyes were alert and one hand rested in the air, tilted towards the bathroom.

“I think I got it,” he huffed as he flashed a tired smile and grabbed some clothes out of his suitcase. Dream rocked on his heels for a moment, seemingly spaced out until he nodded.

“Okay. Sapnap and I are probably going to be in the living room. Or he might do an alt stream. Something about alleviating suspicions.”

“That’s cruel,” George laughed. He pictured fans jumping onto a stream after daily Florida truthing only to be met with nothing. *Little do they know.*

“Maybe it is,” Dream murmured, poised to leave. “But he’ll do it anyway.” With that, he backed out, a smirk plastered on his face. George let his eyes roam over the man’s toned chest and tall stature, loose shirt falling around him flatteringly.

He only became aware of his staring when there was nothing to look at anymore.

George groaned as he rubbed his eyes, throwing open the bathroom door. The hot shower was welcome after a day stretched much too long. Dream's face was welcome too, it seemed, as it floated into his subconscious and took over his thoughts.

He bit down on his lip as the water melted off his bare skin, leaving patches of warmth in its place. Dream had always occupied a large portion of his mind, even before he moved to Florida. *Hell*, it'd only been a day and that portion had grown considerably larger with the added addition of the man's face.

George had to admit - Dream *was* attractive. The moment they met eyes at the airport was an "oh fuck" moment if he'd ever had one. His face was uncovered, displayed so simply with a smile so genuine it made his heart flutter. His jawline was sharp, hair somewhat messily splayed on his forehead. His ears adorned small silver earrings, the glistening metal making his breath catch.

And his *style*. Black boots above his ankles, complete with latches and laces. Cargo pants and a large long-sleeved shirt with a sleeveless black vest on top. Hopefully, Dream was too busy staring at him to notice the way George's mouth hung slightly open.

But this was all objective, of course. *He's just objectively attractive*. Anybody who saw the man would think he was good-looking. The flashes of pure *want* he used to experience over long running calls and now standing in front of him were just part of the effect Dream had.

Stepping out of his room to sit with the guy he'd just spent thirty minutes thinking about was awkward for him, to say the least.

"George! It's been like, forever. Sapnap's already streaming."

"Oh. You're not joining?"

"I barely ever do," he scoffed. "Besides, it would be suspicious of me to join when he's playing *Valorant* with Punz." George snorted at the way Dream's face twisted into lighthearted disgust. "So what do you want to do?"

"I'm still kind of tired," the brunette mumbled, flopping back on the couch. Dream sat on the other

side, a minor three feet away. *Three feet.* The taller's eyes flitted to the space between them, but George caught it.

"We can just chill then, watch something if you want." His voice had gone softer, eyes resting on him with a mellow gaze. The pure adoration in his gaze was quickly sending a fire through George's cheeks, the flash of longing searing his stomach.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" George mumbled after a few seconds, unable to brush off the heat. Dream didn't need more than a moment to understand what he was talking about.

"It's just hard to believe you're actually here," the blonde sighed.

"Sap."

"That name is already taken."

"Okay, simp," George grinned at Dream's scowl.

"I haven't even said anything simp-worthy," he defended.

"Then say something simp-worthy."

"Is that a challenge?"

"Yes it is, Dream."

"Well, George. You're smart, you're kind, you're a grea-"

"Wait, stop!" George exclaimed when Dream started listing things off, the words making the heat in his cheeks unbearable. He'd never been good with receiving compliments, especially not from his *attractive* best friend.

“Can’t handle what you started?” Dream smirked, leaning slightly closer.

“Shut up.”

“As I was saying, you’re a great person, you’re loveable, and you’re beautiful.” George ceased any attempt to get the other to stop when he finished with those words. His heart stuttered as his eyes shot up to meet Dream’s, who was staring down at him with amusement.

“You’re so…” he trailed off. “Ugh.”

“And guess what, Georgie,” Dream shifted a little. “I meant all of it.”

“*Stop.* You’re just doing this on purpose now.”

“Maybe I am. It’s fun to see you this flustered.” George grumbled and threw his arm over his face, sinking down onto the couch. A silence stretched as he refused to uncover his face. “George,” Dream whined after a bit. “Move your hand.”

“No.”

“Move it.”

“No. This is your fault.” George’s petulance wasn’t going to slide by this time, and he knew it. A creeping sensation slithered up his arm until soft fingers gently wrapped around his wrist. With a slight yank and almost no resistance from the older, his arm was pulled off. The simple touch had left his heart thumping erratically and palms clammy; the desire to pull Dream’s hand back into his own being absurdly strong.

“I told you that you were pretty and you covered your face? How’s that my fault?” Dream poked at him.

“You know I’m not good with compliments.”

“Get used to it then.”

George knew he was utterly fucked when his wrist was still tingling from the fleeting contact. And he knew the temptation to curl up next to the other was too alluring to be written off as just another intrusive thought.

The Brit was confused, if anything. After spending a week with his new roommates, he'd noticed some things. He'd noticed how his chest would flare up in giddy excitement every time Dream entered the room. He (reluctantly) acknowledged how much time he spent staring at the blonde, in comparison to Sapnap.

George had also noticed how Dream seemed to be a lot more comfortable around the youngest, always flopping down and throwing an arm around him on movie nights. It irked him, and he didn't want himself to be annoyed over something that *really shouldn't* annoy him.

He had just waited so long to be able to experience the physical aspect of it all, yet he still felt so distant. Perhaps it was just something he'd integrate himself into - it *had* only been a week. *A week too long.*

“George?” The brunette swiveled to face the door, turning away from his PC.

“Yeah?”

“Are you free right now?” Dream's voice was laced with uncertainty, sending a sense of urgency flooding through him.

“Yeah, what's up?” George replied as Dream shut the door behind him and went to sit on his bed.

“Well,” the blonde started, contemplating. “You've, uh, been kinda off lately? Like, bothered. I just wanted to check and make sure everything was okay?” George sucked in a breath at the question. Maybe he hadn't been very subtle at hiding his discontent. Or maybe Dream just knew him too well.

“Uhm,” he mumbled. He wasn't going to just blurt out “*I'm touch-starved*” ; he'd rather die. But he didn't want to push the opportunity to say something away. “It's fine, yeah. I just still feel kind of... distant sometimes?” Dream's face twisted into a worried scowl.

“Oh.” Like, distant how?”

“I dunno. Physically, I guess,” he shrugged, desperately wanting to turn his face away. The gears seem to churn in Dream’s mind as a slow realization trickles in, laced with uncertainty.

“Physical, huh?” the younger murmured. “I’m sorry. I just wasn’t sure if you’d be comfortable with it. I’m a touchy person so I tried to tone it down a bit.” George frowned.

“Sapnap hugs me a lot, I’m fine with that.” It was true - the Texan would randomly come up behind the Brit and attack him, whether it be with a hug or a tackle. Somehow, he didn’t find the touch to be enough. George could only describe it as a constant ache.

“Hm. So what you’re saying is you want *me* to touch you?” Dream smirked, giggling when George leaned forward to shove him. He hated how close it was to the truth.

“Shut up, dumbass.”

“That wasn’t a no.” George pulled lip between his teeth for a quick second, eyes following up to the other’s face.

“It wasn’t.”

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It may have been a *slight* issue, how George’s stomach erupted into a swarm of butterflies whenever Dream so much as touched his shoulder. It may have been just *a little* perplexing when Dream’s soft touches and occasional hugs left him wanting so much more. It was a *dead-set* realization when he couldn’t stop his eyes from trailing over the man’s body, his hair, his hands.

George could admit that yes, he did have a small crush on his best friend. Small. Miniscule. Practically non-existent. It would all disappear when he finally satisfied his *stupid, irrational* need to be held, touched without hesitation.

That was how he found himself creaking open the door to Dream’s room on a particularly cold night, the blank darkness of his room deafening.

He slowly shut the door behind him, freezing when Dream startled and turned around in his chair. The blonde’s face softened into an inviting smile, quickly holding up a finger.



“Give me a minute guys,” he mumbled, pressing a button.

“Are you streaming?” George asked after a beat.

“Nope, discord podcast.”

“Oh.” George could feel the heat creep into his ears as Dream looked at him. He felt awkward; was he supposed to leave?

“Did you need something?”

“Uh-, no, that’s okay. I just- no, it’s fine, I didn’t need anything, sorry.”

“ *George* . Come on, you came here for something,” Dream drawled, lifting one eyebrow.

“Couldn’t sleep,” he muttered, averting his eyes.

“Oh. You can sit here with me if you like? And join in if you want,” Dream offered, words laced with soft concern. The Brit smiled, shuffling away from the door.

“Yeah, that would be nice.” George bounced onto Dream’s bed, giving him an enthusiastic thumbs up. Dream nodded and grinned, turning back to his PC.

“Sorry guys, I just had to go take care of something. We were reading Q&A questions, right?” Dream jumped back into talking, scrolling through Twitter on his phone for questions.

The luminescence from the screen illuminated the man’s face, laying a gentle warm tone over his features. He was so *relaxed* , smiling and chuckling at some points. George watched as Dream leaned back in his chair, stretching his arms; he sent a smirk to the shorter after answering some question George had missed. George smiled back, a plan formulating in his head to acquire Dream’s full attention.

He slid off the bed, aware of how the other's eyes followed him in confusion. Leaning close to Dream's mic, he took a deep breath.

"Dreaaaam," he sang, watching as Dream rolled his eyes and broke out into a grin. The discord chat exploded, making them both chuckle.

"What is it George?" Dream responded in an exaggerated voice to continue the bit.

"I can't believe you left me."

"What?"

"You just left me sitting alone on your bed," George smirked, holding back a laugh when he saw the blonde's face flush.

"What?! Why did you say it like that?" Dream struggled to catch his breath, face tinted with pink. George registered just how close they were, faces mere inches apart as he leaned into the mic.

"Well I'm not lying, am I?"

"Okay, technically-" Dream started, but stopped when his eyes fell on the Brit's face. He merely sighed and shook his head with a smile. "Nevermind, nevermind. So what do you want me to do about that, George?"

"Let me sit next to you and join the podcast."

"You could've done that before."

"I was deriving *entertainment* from listening like a viewer. It got boring pretty fast though, I don't know how you guys sit through it," George smirked, looking at the screen then back. "I decided to step in and help you out."

"You're such an idiot," the taller scoffed. "Here you can pull up that chair or..." a devilish grin overtook his features, eyes upturned to pierce into George's. "Or you can sit here." His voice stayed level so as to not reveal anything to his audience, but his hand moved over to his knee, signaling the spot. George's stomach soared and twisted, reeling with the unexpectedness.

It may have just been a joke; but the joke turned serious when the Brit only shrugged with a “bet,” reveling in how Dream turned red and continuously glanced at his PC.

“Okay, bet.” was all the blonde said.

George grinned before moving to the side of the chair and falling on to the other, a strangled noise leaving the larger man.

“George, what the fuck?!” he exclaimed, breath absolutely knocked out of him. The brunette erupted into harsh, unrelenting laughter, curling up where he lay draped over Dream’s lap and armrests. It was so warm, the feeling of someone shifting under him foreign but welcome.

“What?” he giggled, pretending to be oblivious to screw with the viewers.

“No-, it’s nothing chat, George just decided it would be funny to *fall*,” Dream grit, shooting him a pointed look from above. It shut the brunette up almost instantly, the man’s eyes meeting his own. He cursed himself when he felt his cheeks go hot.

George flashed a sheepish smile, to which Dream huffed.

“You’re not getting off that easy, Georgie.” George couldn’t even protest before Dream’s hands lifted up his back, pushing him into a seated position on the other’s knee. His legs still dangled over one of the armrests, face poised only a few inches away from the blonde’s. George knew his pupils had probably dilated to the size of saucers.

Dream turned George so his back was pressed towards his own front, George’s feet sliding off the armrest.

“Cross them up here,” the man whispered into the Brit’s ear, tapping his knee. George tried to control the wracking shudder that slithered through him, sliding his legs up to cross on the man’s lap. Within a flash, Dream had readjusted them slightly so that his hands wove under the shorter’s arms and tied around his midsection, his head resting on George’s shoulder. “Is this okay?” the blonde murmured, his nose tickling the brunette’s ear.

“Y-yeah,” he gulped. *Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.* His mind was going a mile a minute, similar to the bubbling warmth in his stomach. George fought the urge to completely melt into Dream, instead opting to do it in slow increments. The toned chest pressed into his back and arms caging him in

was something he'd never expected to live in real life.

Being tangled up on the same chair with his best friend also didn't seem very platonic, but that was *surely* one-sided. George swallowed down the thoughts, focusing on the rumble in Dream's chest every time he spoke to chat.

At one point, Dream laughed and buried his face into George's neck, squeezing him a little tighter as he tried to calm down. George let the involuntary elation display on his face, his brain short-circuiting with a *fuck, that's really cute*.

It wasn't his fault he'd completely spaced out when Dream's face was right next to his, animated and energetic as ever. The red that spilled over his face when Dream looked down at him wasn't something he could control. The intrusive thoughts about leaning up and kissing the other were *intrusive* for a reason.

But he liked how it made his cheeks glow, and made him feel alive. George also came to the realization that being enveloped by his best friend *certainly* wasn't the way to get over him.

It was not much later George realized that his feelings had snowballed into a giant wall. He'd been scrolling on Twitter and came across countless clips of the discord podcast; their voices were full of encircling affection, permeating even through the viewers' screens. He groaned and flopped backwards, guilt eating away at his stomach.

The guilt didn't stop him from stealing every little touch he could find, though, to the point where Sapnap noticed.

"Y'know George, I didn't expect you to be such a touchy person," he piped up when it was just the two of them hanging out in Sapnap's room.

"I'm really not," George scowled.

"Not to me," Sapnap snickered.

"Shut up," George huffed, shoving the other. "See? I touched you, happy?"

“Yes. Do I need to call Dream in here so you can be happy too?”

“I’m leaving.”

George did not end up leaving, but he did become aware that he was *extremely* obvious.

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“Sapnap left when?” George exclaimed for the third time, Dream’s incessant wheezing not giving him a solid answer.

“I-I told you,” the man choked out. “He left at like, six am. You were too busy sleeping like always.”

“You couldn’t have woken me up?”

“Well,” Dream hesitated. “I came in to wake you up but you looked-, well, you were out cold.”

“Obviously I was out cold, I was *sleeping!*”

“Okay, okay,” the younger laughed. “Chill, he’s only visiting Karl for like, a week and a half.”

“I still wanted to say bye,” George mumbled. He wasn’t even aware of the pout on his lips until Dream’s hand reached up and settled on his cheeks, squeezing them. “Wha- Dream!” he sputtered, instinctively pulling away.

“Come on! It’s cute,” Dream chuckled, poking his left cheek with a finger. The Brit froze, eyes widening.

“Cute?”

“Cute.”

In an attempt to hide his reddening cheeks and regain *some* control over the conversation, George reached up and poked Dream's cheek, grinning when the other looked down with a confused expression.

"I think you're cute too, Dream," he giggled.

"Mm, good." Dream leaned forward, smirking next to the brunette's ear. George tried to keep his breath from hitching. "Short-ass."

"Dream!" He shoved the taller back, crossing his arms. "Unrelated and uncalled for."

"Aw, it's okay George. It means I can do this," the blonde smiled, moving behind the older and pulling him back onto the couch. They fell with a loud *thump*, with an accompanied yelp from George.

"I hate you," the Brit huffed, breathing heavily as Dream pulled him closer. He made no moves to pull away, letting his heartbeat fill the small space between them. The other's breath bounced off his hair, and George could feel eyes trailing over him. It made him shudder.

"You don't," Dream whispered. The silence stretched for almost a minute long, and every second George was afraid his heart would beat just a *little* too loud. "I love you, George." He'd said it like a confession, whispered under his breath like just another exhale.

And *fuck*. His heart was surely beating out of his chest now, breaths coming out short and cheeks flushed. Everything suddenly became a little too warm for his liking.

Maybe it was his mind trying to pry open his mouth to let the words he so desperately wanted to say out. They were on the tip of his tongue, but his deliberation kept them teetering on the edge before losing any sort of momentum and rolling back inside.

"I... I know." George could feel Dream untense slightly against him. Out of relief or disappointment - he couldn't tell. He didn't want to say the words; it would be a confession without revealing anything, and he wasn't sure what was worse.

"Good," Dream smiled against his ear, burrowing his head into his neck. It was so *fucking* intimate, tangled on the couch with nothing to remove them from their little world. It wasn't

enough. He wanted to turn around and kiss the other with no hesitation, but the longer the thought sat in his mind it cooled into fear.

George's hands shook with nerves and self-restraint, and Dream seemed to notice.

"George? Are you okay?" Dream had retreated slightly, moving up to look at his face. The words were threaded with slight urgency and concern. The younger reached out his hand to clasp around his shaking ones, mouth open as if ready to say something.

George didn't give him a chance, breaking away from the warmth and running off into his room.

It was a decision his legs had made for him. He cursed his brain for being too overwhelmed to think. How *the fuck* was he supposed to explain this? He'd left his best friend alone on the couch, probably thinking he'd done something wrong.

George wanted to scream; wanted to tell him that *no, none of this is your fault*. But he knew he'd be too much of a coward to risk spilling the secret. He had backed himself into a corner, made the situation much more dramatic than it needed to be.

"Fuck," he breathed, fidgeting with his hands. He was in love with his best friend. He was *in love* with his best friend. Just formulating the sentence in his brain made him grimace, the thought of saying it aloud practically nauseating.

He groaned against his bedsheets, trying to think of what to say. "*Sorry, felt kind of nauseous.*" Or maybe, "*it's nothing you did, I'm just in love with you and can't handle it.*"

Tears pressed against his eyes almost painfully. There was no way he was leaving his room for *at least* the next three hours.

What George didn't expect, however, was an awkward silence between them for four days. *Four days*. Every time Dream moved toward him to talk he'd turn around and run. It was almost as if he liked escalating situations to the point of no recovery.

Dream stopped trying after three days of messaging and knocking, clearly exasperated and annoyed in his own right. George knew he wasn't being fair; but *anything* was better than his feelings being out in the open. *Right?*

On the fifth day of skirting around each other George started to consider that he may be wrong. It was borderline concerning how much he'd been affected by the fight, by Dream's lack of presence. The ache in his stomach was back with full force, keening every time he thought about the other's hands.

He felt so *cold* all the time, as if the universe was reminding him how he'd essentially deserted his favorite source of warmth. And that night was so much worse; the weight of it all came crashing down and wrapped him in an abyss he couldn't seem to escape.

The blankets were too stuffy and heavy and icy, and George hadn't slept properly in days. *Fuck it.* He threw off the blankets with a shiver, padding over to Dream's door.

With his hand poised to knock, he took a deep breath. It was shaky. He was numb to the tears on his cheeks, it had been long since they'd been dry. A simple few knocks interrupted the stillness of the hall, his heart stuttering with sudden nerves.

The door swung open, and Dream was looking down at him with an expression he couldn't quite place. Anger? Irritation?

"George." It was said with an edge, almost strained. The shorter reluctantly looked up to meet the other's eyes. They were also somewhat puffy and red, but nowhere near his own. Dream's face flashed through expressions of surprise, confusion, and eventually softened concern. "George?" It was spoken with a gentle, approaching lilt.

George noted how Dream's hands came up slightly, then jerked back down in restraint. He winced; that was his fault. He took a tentative step forward, shrinking slightly as Dream's gaze followed him.

Then his arms were wrapped around the taller, face in his shoulder. The instant heat was a relief to his aching bones, taking an absurd amount of effort to keep himself from melting. Dream was frozen for a few seconds before timidly setting his hands on George's back, spreading into a full hug when George squeezed a bit harder.

"What?" Dream murmured into his ear. The vibrations made him shiver.

"I missed you."



“Why’d you ignore me?” the younger countered almost instantly, still with a hushed tone and finger rubbing circles into his back. George ran his teeth over his lip, hoping the question would dissipate with the prolonged silence. But then Dream started to pull away. He chased the movement, pulling the blonde in a bit harder.

“I don’t know.” His default answer drew out a sigh from the other. Dream finally let his hands fall as he stepped back, staring down at him with an unreadable look.

“Did I do something wrong?”

“No, it’s just me, I wasn’t feeling well that day.”

“That’s why you’ve been ignoring me for the past four days?” Dream asked pointedly. George cringed. He wasn’t going to get out of this easily.

“I was just...” he trailed off, groaning. He knew he looked disheveled and *tired*, with eye bags accompanying his already exhausted demeanor. He was definitely *not* impressed when he saw amusement flash across Dream’s lips, quickly suppressed. “*What?*”

“Can’t stay mad for long,” Dream muttered, letting the smile stay this time. He said it with a dripping affection, sizzling on George’s skin. His heart stuttered and his stomach swooped, inhaling slowly through his nose and exhaling. It left him feeling a little light-headed.

“Why?” He breathed.

“Not when you look like that,” Dream exhaled, eyes finding the brunette’s. They were so *close*, standing barely a foot part from each other in the middle of Dream’s room.

“I look like shit,” George deadpanned, drawing out a small chuckle from the blonde. Dream’s hand found his cheek, thumb brushing across the tears on his face. Waves of adrenaline rippled throughout him at the small touch.

“You’ve been crying.”

“You knew that.”

“Why?”

“I was cold.”

“Need me to turn up the thermostat?” Dream smirked, staring down at his face. George could’ve sworn the other looked at his lips for a split second. His stomach was twisting in on itself, pangs of nerves spreading a deep red to his cheeks.

“You know that’s not what I meant.” Dream hummed in response and stilled his thumb, hand cupping his jaw. He leaned in a bit closer, and George could hear their breaths mingling.

“What did you mean then?”

“I think...” he gulped. “I think I love you.” His heart dropped to his stomach with the confession. Everything stopped for a few seconds, the weight of the words he’d just spoken constricting his throat.

Then Dream’s left hand settled on his waist, pulling him in. Their lips connected in a soft collision, awkward at first but slowly melding into synchronized movements. It was his heartbeat jumping, his stomach swarming with butterfly after butterfly.

Dream smiled against his lips forehead, resting on his own.

“I think,” he grinned, “I’ve been waiting to do that.” He parted slightly to look at George’s face. The brunette was still swaying, melting into the hand on his cheek.

“That...” was all George could get out, in shock from *whatever the fuck* just happened. Dream still had a hand on his hip, sending tingles into his hands.

“You good?” The blonde laughed at George’s expression of disbelief, the hand on the older’s

cheek falling to his other hip.

“I think we should do that again,” George finally said, arms wrapping around Dream’s neck. The hands on his sides pulled him so he was less than an inch away from Dream’s chest, and he tilted his head upwards this time to make it easier for the taller.

It was addicting. The sensation of lips against his own and the shocks of excitement he got every time Dream’s hands shifted were unparalleled to anything he’d felt before. His heart fluttered when Dream deepened the kiss, his own hands running through the blonde’s hair before dropping.

“You still *think* you love me?” Dream teased when he’d pulled away.

“Nope,” George smiled, subconsciously running a hand over his lips.

“Are you gonna follow that up with the cheesy ‘I *know* I love you’ or...”

“Nope.”

“You’re such an idiot,” Dream scoffed. Before George could retort, he was being tackled onto the bed behind him, landing with a soft thud.

“Dream!” He cried, one of Dream’s arms splayed over his chest, locking him down. George’s legs half hung off the bed, shadowed by the others’. The Floridian only grinned, leaning in to pepper his face with kisses. “Dream,” George tried again, giggling this time.

“Hey there,” Dream smirked, hovering over him. “You’re cute, have I seen you around?” George’s stomach jerked and his hand came up to cover his reddened face, shaking his head in amusement.

“Dumbass.”

“A dumbass who wants you.” The blonde brushed some of George’s hair away from his eyes, the touch lingering in small tingles.

“Makes two of us.”

“Oh,” Dream blinked, shifting to sit next to him on the bed and letting George sit up. “Will you be my boyfriend then?” His voice trembled, said with an uncertainty George found endearing. His stomach turned with the prospect of being *Dream’s boyfriend*, but he would be lying if he said he hadn’t imagined it.

“Yeah,” he breathed, smiling when Dream broke out into a grin. *Cute.*

“Good,” Dream whispered, and nothing mattered anymore, not when Dream’s lips crashed into his and hands were running through his hair. The room blurred around him as he moved to sit in the other’s lap, straddling him.

The soft light emitting from the computer screen melded into George’s vision, the lips on his jaw and then his neck the only thing he could see.

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George wasn’t ready to admit how *fucking* happy he got when Dream hugged him from behind or kissed him without warning; he also wasn’t sure he was ready to tell Sapnap about their relationship, but he knew he couldn’t hide it for long.

“Yo, anything happen while I was gone?” Sapnap had asked the two of them cautiously when they were all sitting in the living room. George and Dream had sat next to each other, Dream’s hand on his mindlessly splayed out on his leg.

“What?” Dream coughed out, flushing. *He’s so fucking obvious, oh my god.*

“Never mind, then,” Sapnap nodded, shooting George a confused look. George shrugged back, trying to deflect the Texan’s obvious suspicion.

It was an adrenaline rush whenever they had to pull apart with impending footsteps, thrilling, even.

George was surprised that even after three days, Sapnap hadn’t asked about a single thing.

They'd been sitting in Dream's room, on Karl's stream. It was late; the light from the computer was the only source of illumination, washing out their faces as Dream talked into the mic.

George was half asleep, curled up in Dream's lap. It was comfortable enough once he'd maneuvered himself to fit into the chair's arms. He stirred when Dream laughed a little too loud at someone's words, a hand quickly coming up to card through his hair as a silent "sorry". He exhaled and snuggled back into the warm chest behind him, only to feel the blonde tense and jerk.

George wanted to ask what happened, but he couldn't risk speaking when Dream was unmuted. He made out Dream's hand curling around the mic to mute, the hand in his hair suddenly shaking his shoulder.

"Babe-" Dream started. The pet name was new, and had yet to fail in making him blush. "Babe, wake up."

"Wha?" George slurred, yawning and hugging the blonde harder.

"Sapnap's coming-" Dream warned, but the door was thrown open before George could process the words.

Instinctively, Dream whirled the chair around to acknowledge the man that had just burst into the room, who's face quickly morphed into one of confusion.

"Am I hallucinating or is that George?" Sapnap gaped. His eyes widened as he gestured towards Dream's mic, wordlessly asking if he was muted. Dream waved as if to say "yeah, it's fine," clutching George harder.

George could feel Dream's arm pull him closer, and he didn't want to get up. Even when his best friend was staring him down in disbelief.

"Since when did this development... develop?"

"Uh," Dream responded eloquently, biting his lip and giving George a quick shake as a plea for help.

“*Dream*, ” he whined. “*Stop*. ” He leaned up to peck his boyfriend’s cheek to get him to just *shut up* , fully aware of Sapnap’s eyes on him.

“Oh,” Sapnap whispered, and George could *hear* his grin. “Not gonna lie, I’ve been waiting for this.”

“That’s kind of creepy dude,” Dream joked.

“No- oh my god, shut up. I meant, I saw it coming, dumbass.” George could barely make out the men’s voices in his haze, face pushed against Dream’s torso. Dream’s hand had started combing through his hair again, possibly subconsciously. He found it funny, in his slight delirium, that he probably looked like a koala clinging to a tree.

“I think everyone saw it coming,” Dream laughed, gesturing to his computer.

“Yeah. You guys are really cute though, happy for you. But please don’t fuc-“

“I’m cutting you off right there,” Dream rushed, and George could feel him shoot Sapnap a dirty look.

“Okay, okay. I’ll just go scream, cry and throw up in the comfort of my own room.”

“*Stop*, ” Dream groaned, tossing *something* George didn’t have the mental energy to comprehend at Sapnap as he left.

Right before Dream unmuted, he left a small kiss on George’s forehead with a hushed, “I love you,” and George thought even his dreams were unmatched to the real thing.

## End Notes

well that was fun - this is the longest one-shot I've ever written

check me out on twitter, I'd love to say hi :D @waveyjellies

kudos and especially COMMENTS >>>>

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!